



# D3AD



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## Chapter 1 by Pixelated Minecraft

I'm alone now. Deadly silent. They're gone. Truly gone. The air around me is polluted with hatred, anger and sadness. I can't bring myself to dispose of the bodies, just let them sit there, watching me beneath they're dead, still pupils. Staring at my soul, using all the phantom willpower they have to taunt me in the afterlife, and use their bodies as the physical torment. I cannot die in this dusty office building, yet it seems fate has chosen it's course. The office begins to crumble apart, each chunk falling represents my crumbling life. The room fills with darkness, and I know this time it's not the office going dark, but me. All of us abandoned, and dying or dead. Dead. DEAD.

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